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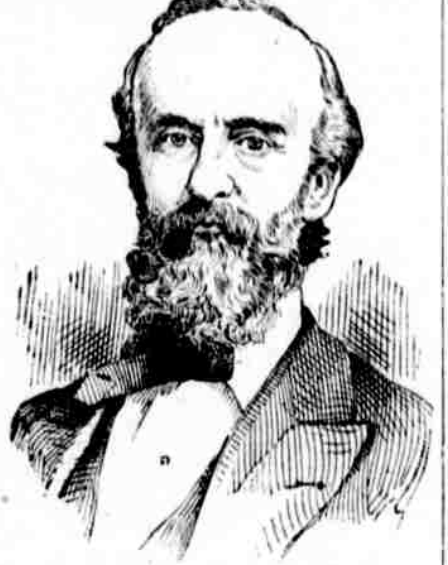
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DR. LYMAN ABBOTT.
 How the Editor of The Christian Union
 Does His Literary Work.
 (Special Correspondence.)
 NEW YORK, Dec. 31.—The extreme
 sensitiveness of the religious atmosphere
 of this country is shown by the furor
 created by the omission of a small word
 in the address of the Rev. Dr. Lyman
 Abbott in Boston the other day. Those
 familiar with his views received with
 much incredulity the report that he had
 declared unbelief in the divinity of Jesus
 Christ. Knowing how closely he con-
 forms to the orthodox view of the
 Saviour, they felt that he must have
 been the victim of some error. The
 speedy publication of a corrected report
 of his address with an omitted "not" in-
 serted was, as our readers doubtless re-
 member, a confirmation of their suspi-
 cion.
 In consequence of this unhappy ex-
 perience, which is simply a repetition of
 what has befallen Dr. Abbott on several
 other occasions, he is obliged to exercise
 the utmost care in granting interviews
 with members of the press. He insists, as
 a preliminary condition, that whatever is
 put into his mouth shall be submitted to
 him for revision and correction. Not
 long ago I had occasion to obtain his
 views on certain Biblical questions. He
 granted the interview with the greatest
 readiness and courtesy, thus creating a
 marked contrast with the brusque and
 insolent manner with which some men
 receive correspondents. But he asked
 me to show him the manuscript or proof
 of what he had said. It was with great
 pleasure that I complied with the re-
 quest, which was the smallest possible
 return that I could make to his kindness.
 He is an extremely busy man, and the
 time that he thus gave was a serious in-
 fraction upon his regular duties.
 As the editor of The Christian Union
 and the pastor of Plymouth church in
 Brooklyn he has much to do. It is a
 wonder that he can do it. He is not by
 any means the large, strong, robust
 man physically that his predecessor,
 Mr. Beecher, was. He is tall and quite
 slender, and he looks as though his
 health was rather fragile. Yet it is, I



DR. LYMAN ABBOTT.
 am told, very good, as it enables him to
 get through a vast amount of work dur-
 ing the year. He does not, however,
 spend much time in the offices of The
 Christian Union, although they are un-
 usually attractive, and would go far to-
 ward reconciling one with the hard lot
 of journalism. He gives, I believe, only
 two days a week—Monday and Friday—
 to office work, the chief burden of
 the management of The Christian Union
 devolving upon Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie,
 his able and accomplished assistant.
 The editorial rooms in Astor place are
 perhaps the finest in the city, with the
 exception of those of The Century and
 possibly those of The North American
 Review. They are in the first place ad-
 mirably lighted, a feature that is too
 often ignored in the construction of
 offices. The public reception room is
 handsomely furnished, comfortable
 chairs standing here and there and beau-
 tiful pictures adorning the tinted walls.
 Just off this room is the office of Dr.
 Abbott. If it is not large there is plenty
 of room in it for literary work. Instead
 of a table Dr. Abbott has a handsome
 oak roller-top desk. Here, seated in a
 most comfortable library chair, he may
 be found on the days he is in the office
 writing an energetic paragraph or arti-
 cle for The Christian Union or receiving
 some contributor with a manuscript, or
 discussing with some writer a question
 of social reform or phase of religious
 thought.
 The most of Dr. Abbott's work is done
 in his large and handsome library in his
 Willow street residence in Brooklyn.
 He chooses this place, I suppose, so as
 to be free from the constant interruption
 to which he would be subjected in his
 office at The Christian Union. He sets
 apart for himself certain hours that are
 not to be invaded except under extraor-
 dinary circumstances. It is in no other
 way that he can get the time that he
 must have to prepare his sermons and
 to reflect upon the policy that he must
 pursue in regard to the great church in-
 trusted to his care. Far different as he
 is from Mr. Beecher, there has been no
 falling off in the regular membership
 and the parish work of Plymouth church.
 Indeed in some respects the work of the
 church is larger and of a different char-
 acter from what it used to be. Dr. Abbott
 is greatly interested in charitable and
 social reform work, which has taken a
 much wider range than was thought to
 be possible or proper in the days of Mr.
 Beecher.
FRANKLIN SMITH.
Gifts to Yale College.
 "Alma mater" is rarely forgotten by
 those whose college days have been
 pleasant and whose subsequent lives
 have been prosperous. It appears by
 the report of the treasurer of Yale col-
 lege, which has just been published,
 that the gifts received during the year
 covered by the report amounted to the
 large sum of \$315,395. The gifts range
 in magnitude from \$100 to \$50,000.
 On an average London endures twenty-
 five foggy days winter. Last year the
 number reached fifty.

He Wasn't Fixed.
 Our trunks had been burned with the
 car and when we got to Cincinnati an official
 of the railroad company desired each
 one of us to give him our statement of loss.
 A tall and solemn looking young man
 came to me as I was figuring away and
 wanted to know what sum I was going to
 name.
 "Well, I think my loss is at least sixty
 dollars," I replied. "Was your trunk
 burned too?"
 "Yes."
 "Got your loss figured up?"
 "Not yet, and I wanted to ask you about
 it. Can I talk to you in confidence?"
 "Oh, yes."
 "Well, I don't suppose my things were
 actually worth over twelve dollars, but—"
 "But you'd like to get fifty dollars?"
 "That's it, exactly. The railroad folk
 seem willing to pay whatever is asked."
 "Well, then, why not make it fifty dol-
 lars?"
 "Wouldn't it be cheating?"
 "That's a matter you must settle with
 your own conscience."
 "Yes, I know it is, and gosh darn my
 buttons if I don't hope that somebody will
 kick me all over this town."
 "Why, what's the matter?"
 "Matter! Why, instead of being ready
 to scoop this railroad out of forty or fifty
 dollars, I've got to take ten or twelve dol-
 lars! I've been studying to be a preacher
 for the last six months, and blast my old
 hat if I don't tell 'em a lie! That's all
 the way of it. I'm never fixed to hit any
 thing good which comes along!"—Chicago
 Tribune.

All He Asked.
 "Laura," said George, with an eager
 restlessness yearning in his gaze, "may I ask a
 favor of you, dear?"
 They had sat in the darkened parlor for
 hours in the eloquent communion of soul
 with soul that needs no articulate sound to
 give it language.
 But something impelled George to speak.
 The longing that surged up from his very
 heart must find expression in words. There-
 fore he had spoken.
 "What is it, George?" she whispered.
 "It may involve some sacrifice on your
 part, darling. But believe me, Laura, it is
 for the best."
 "What is it, George?" she repeated, in a
 voice that trembled as if with a vague fore-
 boding of coming disaster.
 "You will never love me, dearest," he said
 with an agitation becoming every moment
 more uncontrollable, "when I say that I
 am driven to ask it by circumstances over
 which I have no control; that I have pon-
 dered long over it and am not acting from
 hasty impulse?"
 "Yes! Yes!" the beautiful young girl
 exclaimed, with quivering lips. "What is
 it you ask, George? What is it?"
 "Darling," he said, and the wild, implor-
 ing look in his face thrilled her, "the in-
 most depths of her being, 'I wish you
 would sit on the other knee awhile. This
 one is getting horribly tired!"—Chicago
 Tribune.

A Lucid Description.
 Wife—It was a nice party you say, John.
 I'm sorry I couldn't go, but am really glad
 that you enjoyed yourself. How was Mrs.
 Galloway dressed?
 Husband—Well, she had on one of those
 dresses made of what-you-call-it stuff, of a
 kind of a mixed shade and trimmed with
 what's-his-name. I don't remember now
 whether it was cut low or not, or whether
 it had sleeves, but I know it was one of
 the other. Her hair was done up in the
 style like you see in pictures—you know
 what I mean. I don't know whether she
 had any ornaments or not, but I guess she
 had. That's about all, I think, that I re-
 minded about her, but you can tell from that
 how she looked.—New York Press.

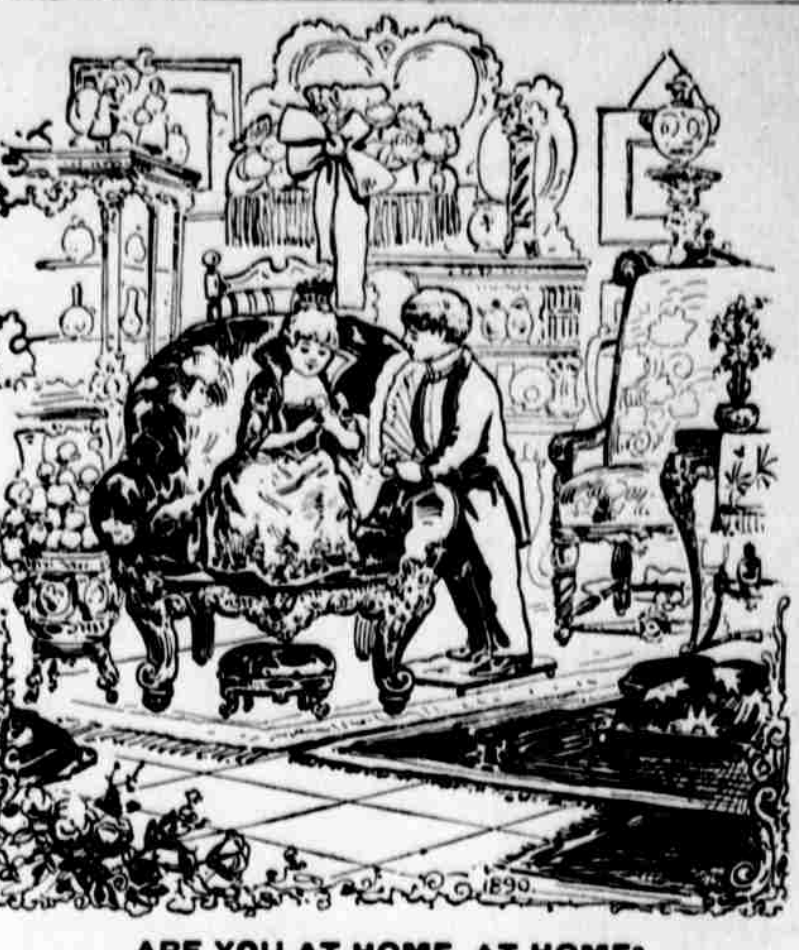


Facts in the Case.
 "And so you were ruined by fast horses?"
 "No, by slow ones."—Life.
Kept Her Busy.
 Clara—You dined at the Mulberry's last
 night, didn't you? What did they have
 for dinner?
 Maude—Haven't the least idea. You
 know Mrs. Mulberry had on a dress that I
 had never seen before.—New York Sun.

Curious Similarity.
 "When we were in the north seas," said
 the whaling captain, "we frequently traded
 blubber for seal skins."
 "That's nothing," said Bond; "down in
 the North river region my wife worked the
 same racket on me."—New York Herald.
A Modern Eve.
 She took a course of lectures in the simple art
 of draping.
 And she studied up on fabrics from a scien-
 tific point.
 She bought a dozen bonnets just to learn the
 art of shaping.
 And her husband carried bundles till his
 arms were out of joint.
 She got up conversations on aesthetic combi-
 nations.
 That would harmonize exactly with the com-
 plex human eye.
 And she grew so interested that the house felt
 short on rations.
 And her husband went to business on a fee-
 ble lunk of pen.
 She studied up anatomy to get the proper atti-
 tudes.
 And took a course of De-la-arte to perfect her-
 self in grace.
 And while she was thus occupied her husband
 searched the latitudes,
 With eyeballs full of soap-suds, for a towel
 for his face.
 She bought whole tons of ribbons and a miscel-
 laneous lot of fads.
 And ran accounts in shopping till it ceased
 to be a game.
 But no earthly power could stop her, so her
 husband played the races.
 In his final desperation, till he shuffled home-
 ward broke.
 Then she wrote a little booklet on the future
 age of fashion.
 And the other women read it with the most
 ecstatic thrills.
 And while her husband tore around and
 worked into a passion,
 It brought her in a fortune, and she footed
 all the bills.
 —Tom Masson in Clock Review.

NEW YEAR'S FOLKLORE.
**J. H. Beadle Writes of Some Old Time
 Indiana Superstitions.**
 Some say that ever against that season comes
 wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
 The bird of dawn singeth all night long,
 And then they say no spirit can walk abroad;
 The nights are wholesome; then no planets
 strike,
 No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
 So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.
 So Shakespeare says, or makes Mar-
 cellus say and Horatio agree with him,
 but for some reason I could never dis-
 cover, the traditions of the south and of
 southern peoples generally have trans-
 ferred the larger share of these gracious
 influences to New Year's night.
 The rare "Yankee" who penetrated to
 our section of the lower Wabash valley in
 the forties and fifties was amazed at
 our notions, and the New England critic
 sometimes said that our parents had been
 "Africanized" in their old homes in the
 border south. He meant, I suppose, that
 the poor and middle class whites—the
 early settlers of the Wabash region—had
 imbibed the superstitions of the negroes;
 and there must have been some truth in
 it, for surely we had many beliefs that
 no white race would have invented. "To
 watch the old year out and the new year
 in," was to see strange sights indeed.
 Then the cows would fall upon
 their knees and low in a strange,
 prayerful way; the chickens would rise
 on their perches and stretch their wings
 as if in prayer; other animals would
 show devotion after their manner, and
 all nature would take on an appearance
 that indicated the beginning of a new
 life. If the potatoes in store had sprouted,
 as they too often did in a warm
 cellar, the sprouts would often shoot out
 six inches in as many minutes, and if
 the ground near the smokehouse was
 bare, peculiar white plants would spring
 up.
 "I have pulled shoots as long as my
 arm," one good old lady told me, "but
 they never would keep. They jes' dried
 up and blew away before daylight."
 All this and more I steadfastly
 believed, and why not? Hundreds of the
 best negroes in Kentucky had testified
 most positively to having seen such
 things, and though our own white folks
 had never been so favored, they did not
 contradict the old negroes and the old
 white people who had seen them. One
 night, however, I did see, and that was
 the "world in an egg."
 If the sun shone bright on New Year's
 day the trial was made by opening the
 south door of the dwelling and setting
 a glass half full of water on the floor in
 the sunshine. Into this an egg was
 broken, and as the contents slowly mingled
 with the water the bright rays of the
 sun illuminating the mass would
 show in it men of various nations pursu-
 ing their various employments. I saw
 the "egg men," a few of them, once
 when I was about eight years old, but
 have never been able to see them since.
 Philosophers may supply the explana-
 tion. In those days, too, I often saw
 wonderful things in the clouds, in the
 coils of the wood fire and in the frost
 upon the window—angels, fairies and
 marvellously beautiful birds, lovely faces
 and deep vistas of garden and woodland
 —but I cannot see them now.
 New Year's in the west and south was
 then a sort of supplementary Christmas
 —there was less rioting and more quiet,
 homely cheer. On Christmas the ten-
 dency was to gather at the village or
 country store to drink and sing, shoot at
 a mark, wrestle and race; New Year's
 was the day for relatives and intimate
 friends to gather and partake of a boun-
 tiful dinner. It was about 1850 that
 "watch night" began to be observed
 with religious services, at least in our
 neighborhood, and the old superstitions
 seemed to disappear all at once. No
 more praying cows or reverential roost-
 ers, no more sprouting plants or "men
 in the egg," and no doubt the young people
 of that region would now hear with
 amazement that any one, no matter how
 ignorant, ever "took stock in such
 things."
J. H. BEADLE.

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 perfection. You have read a good deal about furniture and perhaps you have not
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 will be lost in wonder when you see it. How it can be sold at such a figure will be a
 riddle to you. Come along and echo what we say about it and don't forget to take ad-
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